



VICTORY ISSUE

Home Again, Boys, Home Again, BACK ACROSS THE SEA



Words and
Music by **HARRY LESLIE BROWN**

*Author of "AMERICA SAVED THE DAY," "She Answers to the Call,"
"Come On, Boys, Come On, Over Across the Sea," "And the Salvation Army Was There"*

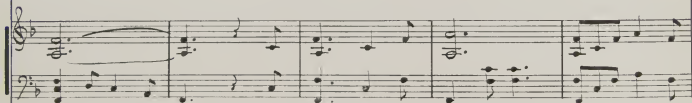
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HOME AGAIN, BOYS, HOME AGAIN, BACK ACROSS THE SEA

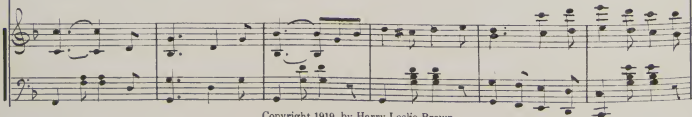
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Hurrah, boys, hurrah, we will no longer
Home again, boys, home again, back across the



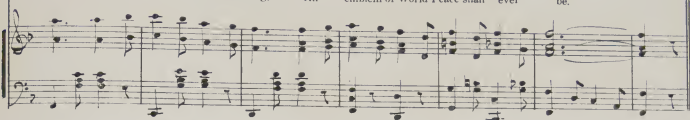
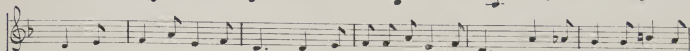
stay, Hurrah, boys, hurrah, we're the chaps that won the day: Put the Huns across the
sea, Home again, boys, home again. 7 7 flushed with victo - ry: See Old Glory 'mid the



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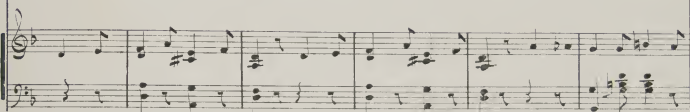


brink, Pretty lively, don't you think? Hung the Kaiser to a sour apple tree.
throng. As we sing the victor's song. An emblem of World Peace shall ever be.

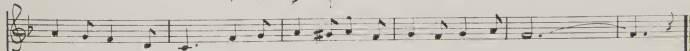



Chorus:

Now all Germany is gloom, for America was their doom, See the soldiers homeward




march in peace to stay; Now the Boche's on his back by the

Allies awful whack, And he'll stay there 'til the Great Big Judgment Day.





HARRY LESLIE BROWN

We wish to call the attention of our patrons to the words of our latest song soon to be published in the small sizes, with India ink cover design which we have endeavored to make timely and attractive. The title, "She Answers to the Call," treats of the many young girls who have left "their all" to enlist in the great RED CROSS cause in duty's "call" to care for "our boys," wherever they may be, until the last vestige of pain and suffering shall have vanished from the world, brought about by the world's greatest war. May we ever appreciate the part given to our suffering, torn and bleeding soldier boys by these angels of mercy, the RED CROSS women of the world.

SHE ANSWERS TO THE CALL

'Twas a pretty little girl, and she had a lovely curl,
Hanging down her back all the while;
As she romped all around, skipping gaily o'er the ground,
Always wearing a bright and happy smile.

Chorus:

But now she has changed so, for duty says that she must go,
The soldiers, they are crying, "come, nurse us, for we need you so;"
Now she answers to the call, leaving home and friends—her all,
With our banner now unfurled, goes our brave, sweet red cross girl.

But her country calls her now, with a red cross on her brow,
With your boy, torn, wounded, suffering pain;
Humming songs that soothe the breast, hoping always for the best,
Praying earnest that her part is not in vain. —*Chorus.*